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Jerusalem at Easter

(Edward L. Wilson, in the 'Century.')

The whole extent of the city of Jerusalem is seen from Olivet, with no object intervening to divide the prospect. Mount Moriah rises from the ponderous walls which seem rather to support the hill than to rest upon it. The temple is gone, but there within the precincts of its magnificent area are the Mosques of El Aksa and the doomed Mosque of Omar. Mount Zion asserts itself, more steep of ascent than all the rest, though its glittering palaces are no more. The ragged old walls and the perfect gateways alike present visions of power and beauty; for, as they are approached, their height and thickness grow upon one, and they seem impregnable. Amid a cluster of mosque minarets, the domes of the church of the Holy Sepulchre are centred. A diagonal depression runs across the city from the gate of St. Stephen to the Holy Sepulchre; it is one of the principal streets, Via Dolorosa. If water ran through it, what with its grated windows, low doorways, narrowness, prison-like walls, and serpentine windings, one might call it a street of Venice. The monks have, through the straining endeavors of ages, located eight 'events' here which took place during the last days of our Saviour, and have erected a 'station' with an accompanying shrine at each traditional spot. Soon after entering St. Stephen's Gate, the wall of the Temple area is reached. In it are the stones of two ancient arches where stood Pilate's Staircase, leading into the Judgment Hall.

A little further westward is the arch of Ecce Homo, where Pilate exclaimed, 'Behold the Man!' Following these are the stations 'where the fainting Jesus made an impression with his shoulder in the stone wall when he fell; the house of St. Veronica, who wiped the bleeding brow of Jesus with a handkerchief; where Simon was compelled to bear the cross; where the weeping Daughters of Jerusalem were addressed by Jesus, and where his tragical death took place.'

Shrewd Greeks are still allowed to go where the Jew is not tolerated; for, near several of these stations, we find their shops for the manufacture and sale of articles made of olive wood.

A portion of my sojourn in Jerusalem included Easter week. It must have looked then somewhat as it did during the feast, when the triumphal entry was made. All around were the pointed white tents of the stranger-pilgrims who had come from every quarter to witness the services which were to ensue. The paths and roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the hill and the plain in every direction, were thronged with those who were arriving from the neighboring villages to share in the observances of the holy week. The noise and the confusion at all the city gates converted them into veritable bedlams and babels. The scenes were picturesque beyond all description.

Jerusalem is divided into four quarters; namely, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Latin or 'Christian.' The tall minarets of the Moslem enable him to keep an eye over all. The muezzin call is heard everywhere; but the sale of crucifixes and rosaries, together with chromos of the Virgin and Raphael's Madonna, is restricted to the Christian quarter. So rigidly are the Jews enjoined from visiting the more prominent parts of Jerusalem, that, as in Tyre and Sidon two thousand years ago, so here, they find no freedom from insult except in the Jews' quarter.

HE IS RISEN.

There are three Sabbaths in Jerusalem—Friday for the Moslem, Saturday for the Hebrew, and Sunday is shared by the Greek and Latin and the Protestant sojourners together. During Passion week, the area in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is turned into a regular mart for the sale of carved beads, shell-work, pressed flowers, crosses, and articles fashioned from olive wood. The salesmen are dreary and indifferent, and the general appearance of things is dull and depressing.

In an upper room of a building which stands over the reputed tomb of David, it is said that the Last Supper was eaten. This room is well known as Coenaculum. Tradition also locates other events of a sacred character here, as follows:—'The assembling of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, when the miracles of the cloven tongues of fire occurred; the washing of the disciples' feet by Jesus; the giving of the "sop" to Judas; and the departure of the sad company, going down through the Vale of Kedron to Gethsemane.'

The only gate in use now, on the eastern side, is St. Stephen's Gate. It is the nearest to the Mount of Olives, and from its doorway Gethsemane can be plainly seen. The path across leads first down the steep incline of Mount Moriah, and then over the stone bridge which spans the Kedron valley, and ascends to the walls of Gethse-

mane. There the three pathways which lead to Bethany join, and thence they separate; one leads to the summit of Olivet, through the little village there, and then down on the eastern side; the second, ascending, skirts the shoulder of Olivet on the south, and joins the first a little time before reaching Bethany; the third, and one most used, wends to the right just outside the wall and east of Gethsemane garden; this, following the base-line of Olivet on the south, leads to Bethany, and thither to Jericho, the land of Moab, Perea, and Decapolis. The summit of Olivet is about 400 feet above the Kedron valley, and 2,800 feet above the Mediterranean. The ascent from Jerusalem is a steep one. From base to summit its broad terraces are devoted to the cultivation of the olive. The top is quite level, and is the site of a small village with an attendant mosque, 'to protect,' says the Moslem, 'the Church of the Ascension and other religious buildings' located there.

At the joining of the trio of paths described as leading to Bethany, the Garden of Gethsemane is located. It is surrounded by a stone wall which is divided by shrines facing inside the garden, all looking strangely new in comparison with the gnarled old trees that they surround. After knocking at the low gate, the visitor is questioned by an old monk and then admitted. The garden is carefully kept by the venerable custodian. The white-washed fence of paling and the trim flower-garden afford another strange contrast with the gnarled and ancient olive trees. In one corner of the garden is a well of delicious water. A bucket with rope running over a pulley are used. Near this well are the humble quarters of the monk in charge. A marble canopy with an iron gate incloses Canova's bas-relief of 'The Agony.' A neatly kept walk leads one around the circuit of the garden from shrine to shrine. Parts of the walls are covered with pictures representing scenes which took place during our Lord's last night on earth. Wormwood and the Passion-vine trail about the walls in profusion. It is a lovely spot.

On the west side of the city, a few rods north-east of the Damascus Gate, the wall rests partly upon the natural rock. Beneath is the old-time quarry known as the 'Cotton Grotto.' On the opposite side of the road is 'The Grotto of Jeremiah.' Farther, on the left, is a hill, the face of which, with the horrid semblance of deep-sunken eyes and broken visage, looks like a human skull. Its locality and surrounding features have led modern explorers to accept it as Mount Calvary. It is without the gates. It commands an extensive view of the city and of the whole way to the summit of Olivet. The populace assembled on two sides of the city could see an execution on this hill.

JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

From this spot it is but a short ride to the rock hewn sepulchres known as the 'Tombs of the Kings.' The entrance to one of these subterranean villages of the dead is closed by a 'rolling-stone'—a rudely cut disk, perhaps a yard in diameter, standing on edge in an inclined groove which runs, deep cut, from one side of the doorway to the other. When the tombs are open the stone is rolled to the left, and a small wedge is placed under it to keep it from returning. When the wedge is removed the rolling-stone immediately follows the incline to the right until it reaches a slightly deeper depression, into which it rolls; thus it closes the entrance of the tomb. Considerable strength is required to displace it.

In the valleys one may frequently see a circle of Arabs seated upon the ground, with their sheik at the head of the circle, acting as judge. He hears the causes of his tribe, receives the account of their stewardship, often pleads for the oppressed and condemns when punishment is deserved. Thus the lessons of forgiveness, of the talents, and of the judgment are here enacted, over and over again, as of old.

At many of the bazaars and residences of Jerusalem, as well as in other oriental cities, the 'watchman at the gate' is posted night and day. His only bed is a wicker mattress, which stands on end near by during the day. He is allowed to repose upon it at the gate during the night, never forsaking his post as long as his engagement lasts.

A land of 'sorrows and acquainted with grief' surely this has been. Here are some of the most splendid ruins in the world—Phoenician, Jewish, Roman, Grecian and Crusaders'. Earthquake, war and Islam have all shattered the land and broken the spirits of the people, until now there is just as much room for missionary effort as there was when Jesus and 'the twelve' travelled the route over which we have tried to follow them. The legends, the sepulchres, the wells, the caves, the mountains, the rivers, the climate, the 'land with milk and honey blest,' with all its seclusion and its history, will remain. But there is room for more conquest and more history. What will it be?

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Post Office Crusade

(To the Editor of 'Northern Messenger.')

Will you kindly allow me to bring before the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' a systematic plan for the Post-Office Crusade. The work has, through the 'Messenger,' grown so fast, that now I believe the time has come for a united effort that will be a continued one. One thousand copies of a leaflet explaining the work, and methods for its advancement, are in preparation. If 1,000 people will send in thirty cents the whole amount, after the cost of printing and postage, will be used for the circulation of papers in India. The greater number of subscribers, the larger the fund, the less the expense. If a sufficient number of paid-up subscriptions come in, the 'Leaflet' will be a monthly one, containing a column entitled 'Through Native Eyes,' for Circles, interesting letters from India and little items of missionary news. In addition, it will seek to keep in line with the 'United Study of Missions' now being used by the women of different denominations. An exchange bureau will be an additional attraction; this to be developed, and result, if possible, in the free circulation of British thought in Canada and Canadian ideas in Britain.

Now, my friends, will you all unite to give this new departure of the Post-Office Crusade your hearty support? If Sunday-schools, mission circles, Bible classes and all who are interested in the extension of the Kingdom of Righteousness will unite, we will roll up a big list and establish a substantial financial footing for the work of literary missionaries through a clean and godly press.

Thirty cents from 1,000 people will insure you the 'Leaflet' for every month in the year. By subscribing you will keep yourself in touch with India and be contributing to a fund for the spread of evangelizing, elevating and healthy morals in the Pearl of the East.

The Editor of the 'Leaflet' will receive no salary. You can rest assured that the work is not a money-making scheme for any individual or publication, but the outcome of what I trust is a Thought of God for natives and children of India eager to read English papers in a land where there is a famine of spiritual and intellectual uplift. I leave this work to your kindly consideration, knowing full well that if it is of God it is sure to succeed.

Faithfully,

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

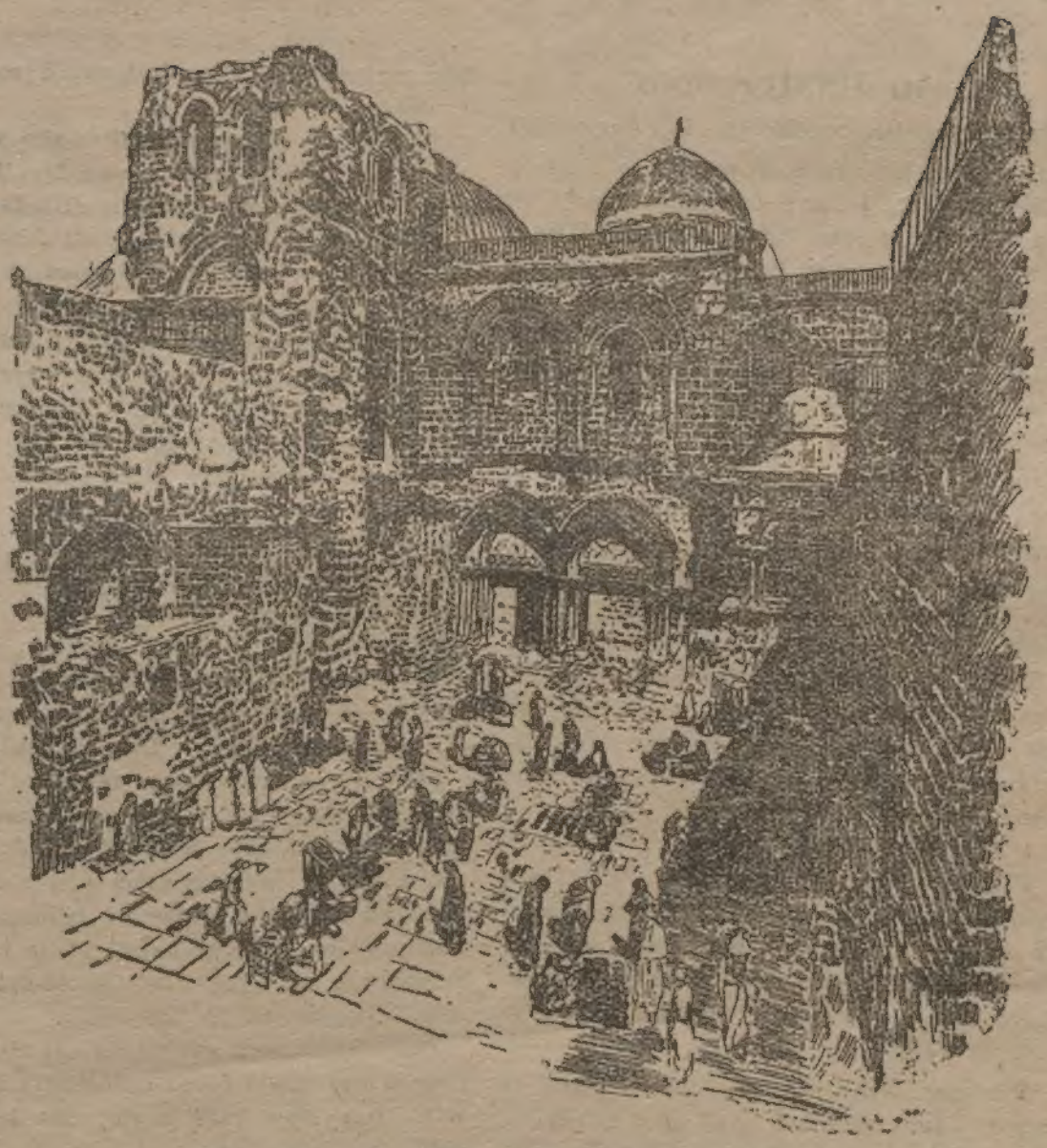
Address subscriptions for 'Leaflet' to
The Post-Office Crusade,
112 Irvine avenue,
Westmount, Que.

In the acknowledgments of last week, by mistake the notice read 'Subscriptions on papers to Quebec.' It should have been 'On papers to India.'

Dr. Valpy's Verse.

(The 'Christian.')

Our attention was recently called by an esteemed correspondent to a touching incident in the life of Dr. William Marsh, who was so greatly admired and warmly beloved by British Christians fifty years ago. In words that are substantially reproduced from the 'Life,' written by the well-known author (still with us, we rejoice to know) of 'Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars,' the narrative reaches us as follows:—



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Dr. Marsh was (in 1837) the centre and life of the Bible readings held daily at Lord Roden's seat—Tollymore Park. In the course of one of them, he told the story of the blessed change which took place in the views of his old school-fellow, Dr. Valpy, repeating a verse he had written as his confession of faith not long before his death:—

'In peace let me resign my breath
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death—
But Jesus died for me!

Lord Roden requested Dr. Marsh to write out the lines for him, and then fastened the paper over the mantelpiece in his study.

Some time after Lord Roden had adopted this verse for the motto of his study, one of the aged heroes of Waterloo, General Taylor, came to visit him at Tollymore. He had not, at that time, thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to avoid all discussion of it. But whenever he came into the study, to talk with his friend alone, Lord Roden remarked that the eyes of the old soldier invariably rested for a few moments upon the motto over the mantelpiece. At length he broke the ice by saying, 'Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart!' 'I know it now by heart,' replied the General, with emphasis and feeling.

From the time of that visit a change came over his spirit and life. No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality. During the following two years, he corresponded regularly with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding his letters by quoting the favorite motto. At the end of that time, the physician who had attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace; and that the last words which fell from his dying lips were those which he had learned to love in lifetime:—

'In peace let me resign my breath
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death—
But Jesus died for me!

It happened, in after years, that Lord Roden told this story at the house of a near neighbor. A young relative of the family, an officer in the army, who had recently returned from the Crimea, heard the story, but turned carelessly away. Some months later, Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was in a rapid decline, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick-room the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him, at the same moment repeating those simple lines. 'They have been God's message,' he said, 'of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.'

Towards the close of 1858—towards the end of his fruitful life—a last visit was paid to Dr. Marsh by his old acquaintance, Mr. Fuller Maitland. In the course of a conversation, designed to lead his friend to the Saviour, the aged clergyman quoted Dr. Valpy's beautiful lines. Mr. Maitland saw their force, and said, 'I must learn that.' So Dr. Marsh wrote down the verse for him. As he received the paper, Mr. Maitland said: 'I shall wear it near my heart.' It was found there after his death.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

An Easter Solo

(Emma Huntington Nason, in 'Forward.')

'I cannot help it, mother. I am bitterly disappointed. I have worked so hard on my singing lessons this winter, and have put so much money into them, expecting to have this position in the choir; and now Mr. Graham has given it to Alice Thompson; and you know, mother, that, although I was not actually engaged, it was understood that I was to have the soprano's place this spring. Alice Thompson doesn't need the position—she has money enough—and Mr. Graham only gave it to her to please her father who pays the most of Mr. Graham's own salary as leader of the choir.'

Tears of disappointment and humiliation filled the eyes of the young girl as she spoke; and she threw herself dejectedly into an easy chair, while the mother, controlling her own feelings, endeavored to comfort her daughter.

'I know, Eleanor,' she said, 'that you had reason to expect this position, and we do need the salary; but if the place is given to Alice, we cannot help it now. Alice has a sweet voice, and I hope she will do well.'

'But just think, mother, she is going to sing my solo, which I have been studying with Professor Harding for this very service. It is too humiliating. How can I bear it? I am too angry and indignant to go to church at all.'

'Eleanor,' said Mrs. Deane, gently, 'I know how you are suffering, and I feel your disappointment very keenly, but this is Easter Sunday, and we should rejoice, with the world, that Christ is risen, even if there are dead hopes in our own hearts. Let me leave you, dear, for a few moments alone with this thought of Easter.'

Mrs. Deane bent and kissed the forehead of the young girl, as she lay listlessly back in her chair, and then quietly left the room.

In a few moments Eleanor came into the hall with a look of resolution, if not of serenity, uopn her face. Her mother saw that the battle was not yet won.

They stepped out together into the sunshine of the early spring morning. The spirit of the resurrection, in the natural as well as in the spiritual world, was everywhere apparent; but Eleanor was only conscious of the discordant elements within herself.

As she entered the church the glorious tones of the organ greeted her ears, but her heart made no response to the Easter choral, 'Christ is risen!' She silently took her old place with the chorus, and the service began.

As the newly organized quartette, under the leadership of Mr. Graham, arose to sing the opening anthem, Eleanor observed that Alice was very pale.

'Is she faint, or is she frightened?' thought Eleanor. 'She must be frightened. I've heard her say that she sometimes felt "stage struck" when she was expected to sing alone; and she has never sung before so large an audience before.'

The quartette opened with a tenor solo by Mr. Graham; then Alice was to sing.

Mr. Graham inclined his head slightly toward his new soprano. Eleanor watched her closely. Alice was deathly pale. She opened her lips, but could make no sound.

Was she so frightened that she was going to fail? The tenor's own face blanched. The great congregation, with the opening strains of the anthem still lingering in their ears, awaited the voice of the soprano. She could not utter a sound.

Eleanor saw it; and a guilty feeling of triumph surged through her heart. The leader saw it, with horror and despair; for he alone was responsible for the success of this Easter music. Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. In his desperation he glanced at Eleanor, and the color came back to his face. This girl knew the music.

'Sing!' he said, almost fiercely.

It had all happened in an instant; but in this brief time a momentous struggle had taken place in Eleanor Deane's soul.

Should she come to the relief? Should she save Alice and the leader from inevitable failure? She alone could do it. A sense of the injustice from which she had suffered and the voice of injured pride clamored on the one hand, while the consciousness of what the Christ-spirit demanded, pleaded on the other.

Alice Thompson sank into her chair and turned her white face imploringly to Eleanor. Her lips were mute; but her eyes said:

'Sing!'

Eleanor's heart almost stopped beating; then it suddenly thrilled with the nobler instincts of her pure and generous girlhood.

'For our transgressions hath he died!'

began Eleanor, in tones of emotion that stirred every heart in the great audience below.

'For our redemption, He is raised;
And with Him, the world, though dead,
Is risen—is risen'—

rang out the clear, pure voice in joyous, exultant melody.

'Gloria in Excelsis—in Excelsis Deo!'

It was a paean of victory. Every soul who heard it felt the triumph of life over death—of the Christ-love over self and sin. But no one, except the happy mother, ever knew how the Easter miracle was that day repeated in the life of Eleanor Deane.

Eleanor Deane stood looking out of the hall window, her thoughts busy with many things.

The door bell rang suddenly.

'Why, Alice, is it you?' exclaimed Eleanor. 'How glad I am to see you. I was just starting for the choir rehearsal. A moment later I should have missed you.'

'I am very glad, too,' replied Alice. 'I intended to come earlier, but was delayed on the way. I want to talk with you a little, Eleanor, before we see Mr. Graham to-night,' and Alice smiled a faint, tremulous little smile, as Eleanor drew her into the cosy cushioned recess near the hall window.

Eleanor, dear,' said Alice, 'you know I have already tried to thank you for saving me from disgrace by singing my Easter solo for me, last Sunday, when I was so frightened I could not utter a sound; and Mr. Graham assures me that nobody in the congregation could have noticed the trouble at all, you came in so promptly, and—yes, dear, I shall say it—so generously, like your own magnificent self. There's not another girl in the world that would have done it for me, or for anybody, who had selfishly taken the place in the choir that had rightfully belonged to her.

'Oh, Alice!' began Eleanor.

'Please don't interrupt me,' begged Alice, with a pretty flush of embarrassment upon her face; 'I know I'm mixing my sentences all up, but my mind is perfectly clear on the subject. I have been thinking about it all the week. The place of soloist in the choir belongs to you, Eleanor. Mr. Graham intended that you should have it, and only gave it to me as a matter of policy, to please papa, because he has contributed so largely to the music fund; and I knew it all the time, but papa didn't—poor, dear papa—who has been so proud of my little gift for music. He never suspected what a dismal failure I should prove. It makes me faint now to think how suddenly I was overcome by that nervous fright when I rose to sing. And now, to-night, I am going to resign the position, on condition that it is restored to you, who should have had it in the first place. Come, we must hurry. It is late now.'

'Alice Thompson!' exclaimed Eleanor. 'Sit down again on that cushion! Sit down, I say, and listen to reason. You are not going to resign your position on any such condition.'

'But I wish to—really and sincerely, Eleanor. I truly, with all my heart, desire to give up the place to you; and papa and mamma approve. They both think I am doing right.'

'But in the face of such an overwhelming majority, I assert that you are doing very wrong. Alice, dear,' added Eleanor tenderly, 'it is very sweet and lovely in you to wish to do this; and if makes me feel very grateful and very humble, but I cannot accept such a great sacrifice. You must sing now. It is due to yourself to keep the place, and prove that you are able to do so. With your beautiful voice, and all the culture it has had, it would be simply wicked in you to be—forgive me, dear— a permanent failure.'

'But suppose I should try again, and have another panic?'

'Believe me, Alice, you never will. And if you will let me say it, I truly think that your nervousness last Sunday was chiefly caused by your troubled thoughts of me.'

'I know it was,' said Alice.

'Well, then, everything is all right between us now; and to-morrow you will sing beautifully. You must, you know. You owe it to yourself, to your father, to Mr. Graham, and'—this Eleanor added imploringly—'to me.'

'Do you really think it is my duty?'

'I am sure of it,' asserted Eleanor.

'Then, I will try once more ,' said Alice.

That evening, at the rehearsal, both girls sang unusually well; and if the leader of the choir had any misgivings in regard to the future success of his soprano soloist, they were, in a measure, dispelled when Alice, with modest determination, said to him, 'Mr. Graham, I shall not fail again.'

And here let it be said, she never did.

Eleanor bade Alice good-night, with a light heart and many good wishes; but the sense of moral exaltation which had buoyed her up during the evening seemed suddenly to leave her as she walked on alone.

The stars which but a short time before had sparkled so brightly overhead, were now shrouded in the sky. The moon had paled, and was half-hidden by the drifting clouds. The night had grown chilly; and the first sweet scents of springtime had vanished from the air. A strange feeling of depression came over the young girl as she neared her own door, and a sudden doubt of whether she had been worldly wise in absolutely refusing a situation which would have brought with it the much-needed addition to her mother's slender income. Now they must face another year of pinching economy; and there would be no more music lessons to brighten her daily life.

'Oh! it would be so easy to be generous,' thought Eleanor, 'if one were only rich.' But she had done right. Of this she felt assured. So she once more summoned a smile with which to greet her mother.

As Eleanor entered the hall door, her first glance fell upon a letter which the evening postman had just delivered. She tore it open and read with eager eyes.

'O mother, mother! look at this!' she cried, in intense and joyous excitement, as she placed, in Mrs. Deane's hands, the letter, a part of which read as follows:

'Two of the members of the music committee of St. Paul's, in W——, were present at the Easter service at your church last Sunday, and were much pleased with the voice and execution of the soprano soloist. They would like to inquire whether you are open to an engagement for the coming year. If so, a position in the choir of St. Paul's is hereby offered you. The chairman of the committee will call and confer with you some time during the coming week.'

'And oh! mother,' cried Eleanor, with tears in her eyes, 'I was just wondering why it was right for some girls to have everything.'

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Teddy's Easter

(Helen Sterling, in the 'Westminster.')

Winter does not last all year, and so, as this old earth rolled out into the clearer, longer, stronger light of the sun, the great sheet of ice on the river cracked and shoved, the snow on the streets melted and was carried by busy little streams away down to the big river.

How swiftly those little streams ran, and how they gurgled and sang to themselves, while the birds on the bare branches twittered and chirruped and went wild with joy over the appearance of their much-loved Pussy Willow.

Teddy was almost as wild as the birds. His pockets were full of marbles, but his head was full of boats as he bounced into the house one day shouting, 'Helen, Helen, I'm going to make a boat. There's a dandy river out here, just come and see. Look! how it goes—and I've all these ready. Will you come out and see how they go?' Throwing a light wrap over her shoulders Helen went out and stood on the sidewalk admiring his fleet; and very pretty were the one-masted paper-sailed little chip-boats, floating down by the side of the street.

Sleighs swished past in the slush; men and message-boys splashed through pools of water on the sidewalk; ladies, with carefully guarded skirts, daintily picked their way, each in his own way bewailing the weather and slush, but our little sailor lad was supremely happy with his craft.

'Look! Helen,' he cried from across the stream, for he had gone to the street side that he might the better guide the course of his crewless vessels; 'this sewer-gate is the falls, so I've made a boom right here. See here's a canal, they have to come round here to get past the falls—Niagara, you know—but it's hard to get them round; they always stick there. I nearly tumbled in to-day taking them round. But these are too small. I'm going to build a big boat. Will you make the sails for me, Helen?'

'To-day, Teddy? I am afraid I will not have the time for them to-day, but your boat will not be ready for the sails to-day if you have not started to make her yet.'

'Oh, no; it will take a day or two to make her. I'm going to put a rudder and three sails, the mainsail, the top and the jib. I'll give you the sizes.'

'Very well, Teddy. But I must go and finish my other work, if I'm to turn sail-maker,' and Helen ran into the house.

'Isn't she fine!' said Teddy, half aloud, as he watched for a moment his grown-up sister, as she lightly ran up the steps. 'She'll do anything I ask her to. I wonder if my big boat will sail down here. I think I'll have to make this canal wider and deeper,' and he ran into the house for tools.

Two or three days passed away, and Teddy's leisure was divided between his little white-winged fleet, and the big boat which he was fashioning. Saturday came and brought more time for his chosen work, and evening saw the hull, with rudder and masts, almost completed.

All day Sabbath it rained, and the snow slipped away swiftly. Monday the stream was swollen and rushing wildly down, and Teddy longed to launch his 'ironclad,' as he called his boat.

Hurrying home from school he rushed up to the sitting-room, seeking Helen; not finding her there he bounded up another flight of stairs to her room. The door was shut and in his hurry he had almost opened the door before he heard Helen's voice. He was surprised to find the room darkened and Helen lying down.

'Come, Teddy,' she said, 'you've come for your sails, and they are not finished—and it's such a lovely day for your boat, I tried to make them, but my head ached so I could not, I'm so sorry, little man,' and she took Teddy's hand, for she saw the disappointment in his face, and knew that he had won a well-fought fight, when after a minute or two he said quietly, choking back something, 'It's all right,' and he turned to go.

'I'll try to have them quite ready for you to-morrow, Teddy; will that do? I'm so sorry,' and she drew him down and kissed his cool cheek.

He did not reply, but went slowly out of the room and downstairs. And shall I tell you that he was almost at the last step, before he felt the least little bit sorry that his sister Helen was sick. That was only because he loved Teddy best, and was sorrier for his disappointment than for Helen. But as he reached the second last step he thought, 'I guess she would have done them if she could; her head must be very sore.' There he stood half a minute, balancing himself on one foot, then up again he ran, more slowly and softly this time, and saying gently 'May I come in?' he entered the door. 'Can I make the room darker for you?—Would you like a drink of water?—I'm going to sail my little boats to-day—my big boat isn't quite ready for the sail. It'll be all right to-morrow,' and pulling the blinds a little lower, he tip-toed out of the room, saying just as he closed the door, 'I'm sorry your head's aching—I hope it will be better soon.'

But Helen's head did not get better soon. Day after day her chair at the table was empty. Teddy paid flying visits to her room, but she could only smile at him and say faintly, 'Come, Teddy.' Once she made a movement to give him her hand. Teddy took it, and oh! how hot it was. It seemed to lie like a hot coal in his cool palm.

Thursday afternoon, as he watched the little stream rushing past, he wondered what Helen had done with the sails. He wondered if Mattie could finish them. He decided to ask Helen what she had done with them. Going into the sitting-room to put away his book, he found his mother sitting by the window, her hands lying idly on a small white bundle. Something in her face awed Teddy. He stepped softly to her side, but she did not hear him until he said, very gently, 'Mother!'

'Oh, Teddy, you're home,' she said absently, as she looked up at him, and held out her hand, 'Have you had a good day?'

'What's the matter, mother,' said Teddy, with a troubled look.

After a pause, she lifted the little white parcel and said, 'I've been trying to finish your sails, Teddy. Helen asked me to. She told me to tell you—that she was so sorry she had not had them ready for you—and—she said— she told me to tell you ——' and she held out her two hands to him—'that she is going—to leave us soon,' and her voice was so low, Teddy could scarcely hear it.

'Leave us, mother? is she better?' Then suddenly he understood, and throw-

ing himself beside his mother's knees, he said in great fear—

'Helen's not going to die—oh! mother, is Helen going to die?' Looking into her face he needed no words, and burying his face in her lap, he cried, 'Oh! mother, mother! we can't let her go. Can't the doctor do something?—we can't do without her—we can't.' Softly his mother placed her hands on his head. 'We cannot keep her. If God wants her—we cannot keep her—we would not want to—would we, Teddy?' Then throwing her arms about him, she said, 'And, Teddy, God does want her, and we must let her go willingly. And we must be brave and strong for Helen's sake and father's, poor father!—and Tom. You will help me to be brave, won't you? and we will ask our Father to help us, and comfort father and Tom. Father is worn out with nursing. I have not told him yet that the doctor says she cannot live long. It will break his heart—oh! how can he bear it, Teddy?'

'Couldn't I nurse Helen, and let you and father rest? I would be so quiet and gentle, I think I could,' said Teddy, looking up through his tears.

But no one needed to nurse Helen long. Next morning as the sun rose, and the birds began to chirrup to each other she left the House Beautiful, in which she had lived so happily and lovingly, and entered the House Most Beautiful, in which she could see her Heavenly Father face to face, and talk with him freely.

But Teddy could not feel this. He felt only that his sister Helen, who had been unfailingly good and loving and tender to him, had gone—gone—where he knew not—he only knew that she was gone—and nothing in all this world could stop the ache in his heart.

All day he wandered restlessly about the house, doing all he could in his own quiet, sweet way to help the others, especially his father and mother, who were so still.

Outside soft snow was falling silently, wrapping everything in a mantle of white; and in the library under the books she loved so well, just as white and still lay Helen. Still—so still, so white. Very beautiful she looked, as she lay, as if asleep, in the pretty white summer dress he had always loved to see her wear. Again and again he slipped in beside her, and stood at her side, the words of her favorite hymn, singing themselves over and over again in his little head, 'Clad in the spotless robes he gives his own.' Where was she? Oh! where was she? Weary with questioning he threw himself down on the sofa and fell asleep, thinking 'Easter Friday, and Helen is dead—dead.'

Easter Sabbath broke bright and beautiful, all traces of the snow had gone, and again the air was full of spring. Here and there the crocuses were lifting their pretty heads from their soft earth bed. Alone Teddy and Tom went to church that day. Very silent they were as they walked, while people passed them laughing and chatting, just as if in their library there was no still, white figure. It was not till they had been in church some minutes that Teddy noticed the Easter decorations. Then he remembered, and a great sob rose. Helen had always helped to arrange the flowers, and this year she had a lovely lily which she had intended to bring, and now it was not there—and she—but and he leaned forward in the seat—why, yes, there stood Helen's lily—he knew it well. Mother had remembered and had sent it, and there was another lily out!—oh! if Helen could only have seen it! 'Why do they always bring flowers to church on Easter Sunday?' he thought. 'Some of the churches had been draped in black on Friday, but were bright with flowers to-day. Easter Sabbath was the day the ministers preached about Jesus' death—was it because the flowers died so soon that they brought them?' Just then it seemed as if one of the lilies looked straight at Teddy, and in the sweetest voice, so soft that none but he could hear, said: 'Do you not know, me, Teddy? You remember the bulb you and Helen planted months ago. That was my little house. For months I lived in it, but after you buried it, the sun called to me, and I stole out of the darkness up into this beautiful bright world, and here I am,' and it nodded to Teddy. And then the strangest thing happened. The lily face vanished, and Helen smiled at Teddy, and he thought he heard her say, 'Do you not know, Teddy, dear, I, too, have stolen away from my earthly house, just as the lily did, and I am now in God's brightest, best world with him, free from pain and sorrow, doing his will as the angels do—I am not dead—but living and loving still.' Then out of the stillness rose the triumphant Christian hymn, 'For now is Christ risen from the dead.' Teddy sprang to his feet. It was all clear to him now, and as the last notes of the organ died away he stole into his corner in the seat with a new joy in his heart. The old, old story of that Easter morning, so long ago, had a new meaning for him now, and he listened eagerly, and as Dr. Johnstone read of the empty sepulchre, the risen Lord, he understood as never before, Jesus was living, Helen was with him, Jesus was ever near him, so was Helen; and this is the message Easter brings.

'There is no death to those who love God.'

Hurrying home, he stole into the quiet room, and standing close to the white form, while the tears rolled down his little cheeks, he said, 'O God, thank you for Jesus, and thank you for Helen,' and Teddy's heart was comforted. Slipping up to his mother, he said, 'Mother, I saw Helen's lily in church, and may I have it now for mine? It seems so like Helen—and mother, I know now that Helen is not dead. She is only where we can't see her—with God. We can't see God either, can we, mother? And I know Helen is with us still, isn't she, mother, quite close, and I'm glad.'

And Teddy still cares for that precious lily which was Helen's messenger to him, and he knows now the story the flowers tell on Easter Day.

Old Country Friends.

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In the Bonds of Death He Lay

(From the German of Dr. Martin Luther, 1524, by Dr. Schaff.)

In the bonds of Death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud, with cheerful voice:
Hallelujah!

Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death:
Sin this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth;
Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
Would all men in his prison hold:
Hallelujah!

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite;
All our sins away hath done,
Done away Death's power and right;
Only the form of Death is left,
Of His sting He is bereft:
Hallelujah!

That was a wondrous war, I trow,
When Life and Death together fought;
But Life has triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked and set at naught;
'Tis even as the scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquered Death:
Hallelujah!

The rightful Paschal Lamb is He,
On whom alone we all must live,
Who to death upon the tree,
Himself in wondrous love did give.
Faith strikes His blood upon the door,
Death sees, and dares not harm us more:
Hallelujah!

Let us keep high festival,
On this most blessed day of days,
When God His mercy showed to all!
Our sin is risen with brightest rays:
And our dark hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before Him flee:
Hallelujah!

To the supper of the Lord
Gladly will we come to-day;
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away.
Christ will be our food alone,
Faith no life but His doth own:
Hallelujah!

Closed Doors

(Agnes E. Wilson, in 'American Messenger.')

Her mother had gone, and Loreen Elliott, who had watched the carriage out of sight, turned from the gate and went back to the house with a rather sober face. It did not brighten either as she set about making tidy the rooms thrown into disorder by the hurried departure.

'Aunt Belle is always fancying herself ill,' she muttered, ungraciously, 'and of course she must have mother. If she were really sick, I wouldn't mind; but I believe she imagines half of it.'

To do Loreen justice, she would not have made any such remark had she had any other audience than her golden canary, who turned his head to one side and regarded her critically. She was ashamed in a minute, too, that she had even said it to herself.

'Poor Aunt Belle,' she murmured, in a

softened tone, 'I should want mamma too, if I were only ever so little sick. But I don't believe it is wholly selfish of me to wish that mother hadn't had to go away just now.' The canary chirruped sympathetically, and Loreen, who had been looking at him absent-mindedly, laughed a little.

'Oh, you needn't pretend that you know anything about it, Dickie bird,' she said, sticking her finger through the bars of the cage, 'you don't begin to know anything about all my lovely plans being spoiled. Well, Dickie, we've got to make the best of it and keep this house in living order for father and the boys, and attend to the pickling and preserving, and numerous other duties, which no doubt will fully employ us without attempting to entertain company. It's fortunate I didn't get those notes sent off before the telegram came; but why, oh, why, did things happen this way?'

The same question pursued her as she went on with her work in her thoroughgoing way. Loreen was disappointed. In her desk upstairs lay three dainty notes, addressed to as many shopgirls in the city not far away, asking them to spend the days of their vacation at her home. A friend in the city, who knew the girls personally, had recommended them to her, and had further promised to see that they should have their vacation at the same time. Her mother and she had taken great pleasure in planning for the entertainment of their guests, and they had meant to make it a long-to-be-remembered pleasure. Nothing had been done hastily, or without due consideration. They had taken care that the invited guests should be those who would be most benefited by the visit, and it had seemed to Loreen that it was a good and beautiful thing to do.

And now it was out of the question. Loreen, who at first had half thought that she might undertake to carry through the plan without her mother's assistance, was forced to admit that it was impossible. The work, which had seemed light enough for two pairs of deft hands, was an absorbing task when all depended upon her own efforts. Guests would be an added burden which it would be impossible for her to bear, even with the assistance of a servant. Loreen could not 'manage' as her mother did.

So, with a long-drawn sigh, the young girl gave up her cherished plan. The sigh was not for herself either, although she had promised herself great pleasure in her guests. But her friend's description of the unpleasant surroundings and dreary boarding-houses in which these girls lived their lives had touched Loreen's tender heart, and she had promised herself pleasure only as she found it in giving them a glimpse of brightness. She had told herself gladly that she meant it as a 'cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple.' And now she was not permitted to offer it.

Better thoughts came, however, before the work was all done. Her cup of cold water must be given by loving service at home. Perhaps Aunt Belle needed the service as much as the shopgirls. It was not God's way to have her serve him. She must be content with knowing that.

She could not help telling Aunt Milly about it, though. Aunt Milly was aunt to the entire village, and knowing that Loreen was alone, she dropped in that afternoon, to see that she should not feel lonely.

'It seemed such a beautiful opportunity,' Loreen said regretfully. 'And now the door closed, and I don't know whether it will ever be open for me again.'

'Well, dearie,' Aunt Milly replied, cheerily, 'when the Lord closes the door, don't waste your energies in beating against it. It may open for you again; if it doesn't, you must be content to walk in the path where he leads you.'

'It isn't myself,' Loreen said, slowly. 'Of course the girls didn't know I was going to invite them, but I feel some way as if I couldn't bear to have them lose the pleasure I had planned for them. It isn't so hard, of course, as if I had been obliged to disappoint them, but I know I could have given them such a happy time.'

'Yes, I know,' Aunt Milly agreed, warmly. 'I know you could have made them happy, Loreen. But don't feel badly about it, dear. Remember that it was his own hand that closed the door.'

Somehow Loreen felt comforted. She would not allow herself to feel disappointed after that. It was too much like beating against the door which God's own hand had closed.

But Aunt Milly, too, wondered a little about it.

'I wonder,' she said to herself, reverently, 'if he didn't close this door to Loreen Elliott just so as to open it to somebody else; somebody who needs to walk that way more than Loreen does.'

The thought seemed to take possession of her. She could not get away from it.

'It isn't any harm to try,' she said at last, looking for the hundredth time at the breezy mansion on the hill, and thinking of the widowed owner who lived her life of sorrow there alone. 'If Helen Travis could take an interest in something like that, it would be the best thing for her. If I succeed, Loreen will forgive me for violating her confidence. If I don't, she will never know it, unless I tell her.'

She must have told her story effectively, and used her arts of persuasion well. Perhaps Mrs. Travis was ready to turn toward the open door; at least it was Mrs. Travis herself who surprised Loreen by a call on the following day.

'I shall have to tell on Aunt Milly,' she said, brightly, 'but she told me about your disappointment in not being able to entertain some young people whom you had planned to invite this summer. Would you be willing to help me make things bright for them if I should invite them instead. You see'—she glanced down at her widow's weeds.

Loreen met her with quick sympathy. 'Oh, Mrs. Travis! It is so lovely of you to think of it! Are you sure you won't mind?'

A quick spasm of pain passed over Mrs. Travis's face.

'I did not think of it, Loreen,' she said in a low voice, 'and I am afraid I am going to "mind" very much. That is why I must depend upon you for the brightness. Perhaps,' she added, regaining her composure, 'you and I can together make them have a pleasant time, although it will be nothing like your delightful family circle.'

Loreen thought differently. Her quick imagination grasped the delights which Mrs. Travis's elegant home offered to the expected guests, and she was ready to believe that their visit could be made more pleasant than in her own more modest one. She entered upon an eager discussion of what she had meant to do with her caller, who found herself more interested than she had been in anything since her sorrow came upon her.

'He has opened the door,' Loreen said to herself with glad reverence, as Mrs. Travis went away with the names of the girls she had meant to invite. 'And it was only closed to make possible a larger opportunity. I wonder,' she mused, 'if that isn't the way with a good many of the doors which his hand closes.'

Even Loreen did not see how large the new opportunity was. The weeks of the visitors' stay were all that she had hoped or planned. With the help of Aunt Milly's planning, who felt in duty bound to assist her to find time for the guests, Loreen was able to spend much of the time of their all too short visit in assisting Mrs. Travis in their entertainment.

So absorbed was she in her interest in the guests, that she scarcely noted the changed attitude of the hostess. She could not understand that it was a sacrifice for Mrs. Travis to lay aside her widow's weeds and put on white house-dresses, during their stay, that she might not cloud their happiness by reminding them of her sorrow. She did not realize either that the healing balm of a new interest was soothing the sorrow of a wounded heart. Loreen was too unused to grief to think of these things.

But one day, when the visitors were gone and Loreen and Mrs. Travis stood together, the girl was surprised when her new friend, who had grown very dear, suddenly grasped her hand.

'Loreen,' she said, impulsively, 'do you know what this has done for me?'

Before Loreen could answer, she went on hurriedly, 'You don't, of course. You never have known sorrow. God grant its shadows may be far away from you. But Loreen, these few weeks have shown me that I have something to live for yet. I have been so selfish in my sorrow, that I didn't see how much I had left to share with others. Aunt Milly told me the story of your disappointment, but I didn't see then that I was beating against the door which God closed when he sent my sorrow. These few weeks have helped me to realize that there is still an open door of opportunity for me.'

Loreen turned to her friend with tears of sympathy shining in her eyes.

'Mrs. Travis,' she said, under her breath, 'don't you suppose that some day we shall know enough to praise him for the doors he closed?'

Easter.

The promised morning came at last!
The days and nights of gloom were past.
Oh, blessed Dawn, which from above
Proclaimed our Lord's redeeming love!
When from the vaulted heavens rang
The glorious song which angels sang:
'Rejoice, O earth! and sons of men,
The Crucified now lives again.'

Hail! Easter Day! with joy we sing
Loud praises to our risen King!
And tho' the years are rolling by,
He changeth not who rules on high,
But gives thro' His undying love
To us, eternal life above.
'Rejoice, O earth! and sons of men,
The Crucified now lives again.'

DORA HAINES WALKER.
Exeter, N.H., U.S.A.

The Bird and the Man.

(Willis Boyd Allen, in 'Wellspring.')

Dick Wilton was very fond of canaries. He had a large cage, and raised several nestfuls of young birds, giving them all away except one, which was an especial pet. He had watched it from the day when it broke through the small blue egg-shell, and lifted its awkward little head to receive the food prepared by Dick and brought by the anxious and proud mother. The fledgeling had developed into a strong, finely-colored bird, and its owner bestowed a great deal of time and thought on its food and surroundings.

The only trouble was that the bird proved absolutely insensible to kindness. In vain Dick lavished chickweed and cracker and hempseed upon it. The little creature proved absolutely indifferent to him. It accepted its food every morning as its right; it flew merrily about the room when Dick gave it an hour or two of freedom each day; but when the boy held a choice tidbit up to the wires and coaxingly called to his pet, the bird would fly away in foolish fear, or remain on the upper perches as if its master were the veriest stranger.

At last, having tried every other means without success, the boy with a heavy heart resorted to severity. He took away the seed dish and kept the obstinate little canary without food for twenty-four hours. Then he approached the cage once more, holding a seed between his fingers. One moment's hesitation, and the canary yielded. He picked the seed eagerly from Dick's fingers; another and another; a bit of cracker and a refreshing sprig of chickweed. The battle was won, and the bird, recognizing at last the source of all his benefits, became from that hour not a prisoner in a cage, but a firm friend of his master, accepting food from his hands, fluttering to meet him and singing his sweetest songs whenever he heard Dick's footsteps on the stairs.

Years rolled by, and Dick became the Hon. Richard Wilton, president of a great railway, wealthy and honored among men. But with his prosperity he forgot the Father of Lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. He did not scoff at religion; he ignored it. Never a penny of his money went into his Master's treasury; never a grateful thought went upward to his Father.

There came a change. A great financial panic descended on the business world. A scheme for extending the railway system failed; the railway itself was paralleled by another and better one, which took away its business. The stock fell, fell, until it was announced one morning that receivers had been appointed to wind up its affairs, and that its great promoter, the Hon. Richard Wilton, was insolvent.

Poor, discouraged, weary of life, almost hopeless, Dick sat in his room thinking bitterly of the past. Mechanically he rose and opened a cabinet drawer which contained a few relics of his boyhood. His eye fell upon a little empty seed dish, and like a flash the story and meaning of his life were spread before him.

'The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away,' he groaned, falling upon his knees for the first time in many years.

Dick is now an old man. He is not rich, but he has material comforts enough to render his life a pleasant one; and to look at his face is a benediction, his friends say. For he has at last found his Father, or, rather, he has found out that he was all the time, unknowing, in his Father's house, and that the loving hand which he has now grasped, and which 'leads him in green pastures and by still waters,' was outstretched to help him all through those proud, empty, lost years.

What Wise Men Say About Gambling.

Illegitimate speculation has become a greater source of mischief than drink.—Justice Wills.

A gambler will let his wife and children starve, he will starve himself, and still risk his last coin on the hazard of the die, the turn of a card, or the speed of a horse.—G. R. Sims.

Work faithfully and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness, not such as can be won by the speed of a horse or marred by the obliquity of a ball.—Ruskin.

In my opinion, there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the abominable practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife even than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads.—W. E. Gladstone.

The happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser. This kind of action is, therefore, essentially anti-social, sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct.—Herbert Spencer.

The most remarkable thing about the little punters, the men who back horses without knowing anything about horses, is that no amount of loss, no amount of milling, ever makes them see the utter hopelessness of their task. Gambling is a form of insanity. It is as hard to wean a gambler from gambling as it is a drunkard from drink, a vicious man from vice, or a criminal from crime.—G. R. Sims.—'Westminster.'

There have been great days in the history of the human race—days of triumph whose victories have enriched the world; days of honor whose brightness has made the world lighter; days of great deeds which have lifted man to loftier, diviner heights; days of heroic, self-forgetful love which has made the air sweeter with its odorous perfumes. But the day of all days in blessing and good, in the world's story, was that Good Friday when the Son of Man gave his life to save men.

'From thy blessed gloom
The hope of all the world does rise and sing;
By thy sweet pain, immortal joy is won;
And in the happy shadow of thy tomb
Is hid the root of Easter's blooming.'

There could have been no Easter without a Good Friday; no rising again without the dying on the cross. Christ must taste death for every man before he could offer deathless life to every man. The touch of the cross is on every hope of Christian faith. The light that shines in soft lustre throughout all the world streams from the cross. The sorrow of Calvary is that which is softening all human hearts and making all life gentler and sweeter.

Christ Our Example.

Go to dark Gethsemane.
Ye that feel temptation's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There admiring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
'It is finished,' hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who has taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:
Saviour teach us so to rise.

—Montgomery.

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of March 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Coal Strike Report—New York 'Daily Tribune.'
Reform in Russia—'Daily Telegraph,' London. London 'Times.'
The Woolwich Election—'Commonwealth,' London; 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Laws of Hammurabi—By L. T. Hobhouse, in the 'Speaker,' London.
The Day of Terror—T. P.'s Weekly, London.
A German Aristarchus—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
An American Comparison of English and American Methods—New York Evening Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

An American Point of View—By C. L. G., in the 'Spectator,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

March—By John Vance Cheney, in 'Country Life in America.'
Over the Hill Gaps—G. G. G., in the 'Speaker,' London.
Mr. George Meredith—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Robert Browning—By the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, in the 'Contemporary Review,' abridged.
Our Modern Froissart—'Daily News,' London.
First Notices of Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Book—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London; 'Daily News,' London; 'Morning Post,' London.
Sunshine and Shadow—By Frances Campbell, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
An Author at Grass—'Fortnightly Review,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A New Misdemeanor—'American Medicine.'
English and American Railways—'The Times,' London.
Time and Professor Huxley—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Case for Spiritualism—By W. F. Garrett Fisher, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The British Association—'Morning Post,' London.
Breakfast Table Talk in 1930—Imagined in 1825—T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

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HIS FIRST EASTER.

Jack and the Chickens.

Jack was a beautiful Irish setter that was devoted to his little mistress, Mary. He had one very bad habit; he would kill chickens, says the Chicago 'Times-Herald.' The ranchmen all around threatened to shoot Jack if they caught him, and Mary was much distressed.

One rainy day in the early spring a farm hand brought into the house a number of dear little chickens, just out of the shell, and placed them on the hearth before the fire. The tiny, fluffy waifs were chilled through and through, and their little legs were icy cold. Mary, like the good little housewife she was, suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of filling a basket with raw cotton, so as to make the small strangers a nice comfortable bed, and, without thought of leaving them alone, started briskly upstairs to the garret, and soon returned with a hamper padded with warm, white cotton. Imagine her horror, however, when, upon entering the room, she discovered Jack lying lazily in front of the fire and not a chicken in sight.

The little girl was sick with fright, for she knew they had been hatched from very expensive eggs of a particular breed, and that her father would scold her for her carelessness.

'Jack,' she cried severely, 'what have you done with those chickens?'

Jack merely wagged his tail and looked at her with one ear cocked. Mary slowly approached the culprit, with a deep frown on her face, and continued:

'If you have eaten those chickens your master will have to shoot you.'

At this terrible threat the dog only wagged his tail all the harder and cocked both ears. Just then came a faint 'Peep, peep!' from somewhere near the fire, and the dog looked knowing.

And where do you suppose those baby chickens were hiding? Between the setter's two great forepaws, and all up under his soft,

silky hair. When his mistress had left the room Jack evidently thought they needed care, and considered it his duty to play nurse during her absence, so he stretched himself in front of the fire and gathered the wee, fluffy balls together under his warm fur, and now and again a tiny yellow head was thrust forth for a minute, to be withdrawn and tucked out of sight. Mary concluded that the basket was not needed just then, and put it aside.

An Easter Opening.

These sketches were all done from life by M. Réné Valette, the well-known Parisian painter. They portray the too common sparrow,

EASTER OPENINGS.

represent the grotesque appearance and attitudes of some of our familiar feathered friends as they make their debuts upon the stage of life —that is to say, just as they step out of the egg. Nos. 1 and 5 inclusive are devoted to the common chicks, those fussy little creatures that go picking and cheeping about, shaking their downy plumage, and at the slightest alarm scurrying for protection to the sheltering wings of the maternal hen. The next four sketches show little ducks at the same interesting period of existence. No. 10 is a young heron, who as yet scarcely knows what to do with his long neck, legs and beak. The owl (Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14), with his goggle eyes and abundant plumage, looks wise and dignified even from earliest infancy. In 15, 16, 17 and 18 we have the scraggy fledgling crow, whose greedy, ever-open beak offers a fine opening for worms. No. 19 is a baby chaffinch, while 20, 21 and 22 Then we have the woodpecker (23) and the fauvet (24), a pair of starlings (25), and, finally, a very distressful looking little creature (26) which the artist assures us is a tomtit.

Easter—How to Tell It.

—Thirty days hath September,
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easters come,
Puzzles even scholars some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round,
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Should be the Easter bright.
—'Boston Transcript.'

'Who Will Take Care of Me?'

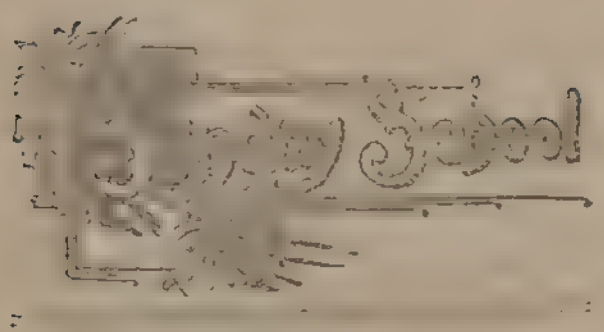
'Who will take care of me?' darling, you say,
Lovingly, tenderly watched as you are;
Listen! I give you the answer to-day:
One who is never forgetful or far.

He will take care of you! All through the day
Jesus is with you, to keep you from ill;
Working or resting, at lessons or play,
Jesus is near you, and watching you still.

He will take care of you! All through the night
Jesus the Shepherd His little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light:
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

He will take care of you! All through the year.
Crowning each day with His mercy and love;
Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to His bright home above.

He will take care of you! Yes, to the end;
Nothing can alter His love to His own.
Darling, be glad that you have such a Friend;
He will not leave you one moment alone.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.



LESSON III.—APRIL 19.

Romans xiii., 7-14.

Golden Text.

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. —Romans xiii., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 13.—Rom. xiii., 1-14.
Tuesday, April 14.—Rom. xii., ,-21.
Wednesday, April 15.—Rom. xiv., 1-11.
Thursday, April 16.—Rom. xiv., 12-23.
Friday, April 17.—I. Cor. viii., 1-13.
Saturday, April 18.—Gal. v., 13-26.
Sunday, April 19.—Col. iii., 11-25.

Temperance Lesson.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

7. Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor.

8. Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.

9. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

10. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.

11. And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

12. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.

13. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying:

14. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.

The epistle to the Romans was written from Corinth during Paul's second visit there. It has been pronounced 'the most profound work in existence." It is a doctrinal letter of very great importance. The date of the epistle is A.D. 57.

Dr. Stifler has called the chapter from which this lesson is taken 'the Christian citizenship chapter.' The entire chapter should be read. It opens with the words, 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.' This is an age when there is much lawlessness. Not only are the laws and the officers of the law openly defied, but through bribery and other evil means the purpose of legislative acts are defeated. Even the mandates of courts are ignored as far as possible.

The universal acceptance and observance of this one chapter would destroy anarchy, for it is absolutely opposed to the ideas that are advanced by anarchists. Obedience to this chapter would also do away with the disregard for law and order which prevails so frequently in times of public excitement. If men listened to such teaching as this they would cease trying to defeat the law, and putting obstructions in the way of public officials, but would obey its spirit themselves and encourage such obedience on the part of others.

The first six verses of the chapter deal with our obligation to obey rulers, and this is summed up in verse 7. The remainder of the chapter is devoted to our duties to each other and to our general conduct.

1. The Citizen's Duty. Verse 7.
2. The Law of Love. Verses 8-10.
3. Time to Awake from Sleep. Verses 11, 12.
4. Admonitions as to Conduct. Verses 13, 14.

We must not forget that temperance is not alone confined to the matter of using strong drink, but applies as well to our general conduct. As Col. Hadley has so often said, many people are so concerned over the question of fighting intemperance in drink that they forget to be temperate in their language. A well-rounded Christian applies the Christian spirit to every department of his life.

In verse 7 Paul is summing up what he has been saying in the preceding six verses. In the early days of Christianity there was considerable doubt and perplexity over the Christian's attitude to the state. Rome at his time ruled the world, and was given to idolatry with all its attendant evils. Should a Christian, one who had been enlightened by the glorious Gospel of Christ and saved through his intercession, and who in consequence acknowledged Christ as his supreme Master —should such a person regard himself as subject to the authority of heathen rulers? It seemed a very hard question, but it was bound to come up and had to be dealt with. Paul opens the chapter by commanding every soul to be subject to the higher powers, as they are ordained of God. That is, government is a divine institution. Hence it naturally follows that taxes to support government are right in God's sight. Tribute was the tax paid by subject nations. Custom referred to special taxes, such as tariff on goods brought into a place. Fear means respect to those who are qualified to punish wrong doers, while honor is due those in authority on account of the offices they hold. Soldiers are taught to 'respect the shoulder straps of the officer,' no matter what they may think of him as a man. He represents to them the military authority of the government.

A whole lesson might be devoted to the question of taxes alone. Many were dishonest in their tax returns. They would rate their goods as high as possible for purposes of insurance, but as low as possible for the assessment of taxes. This is not honest. An ancient historian has said that, although the Christians would not contribute to the support of heathen temples, the Romans were really the gainers from the Christians' views of doing things, because they were so honest in paying their taxes to the state. We may greatly honor, or seriously dishonor Christ, by our conduct as citizens of earthly nations. A dishonest and disobedient citizen of an earthly government will surely not find a place in the kingdom of Heaven.

Of course, we are not taught that we must disobey a direct command, or a teaching of God in order to please a ruler of earth, but in such a country as ours, where freedom of conscience is respected by the government there is little occasion indeed for one to disobey the laws of the land for conscience's sake.

We are further, in verses 8-10, enjoined by Paul not to be in debt to one another, except as we owe to all our love. Love fulfils the law. You will remember what Christ said when asked what was the greatest commandment. He told them that upon a complete and supreme love for God, and love for one's neighbor as himself hung all the laws and the prophets.

In verse 9 Paul briefly sums up several of the commandments, but they all bear upon our relations to each other, as you will notice. Paul is speaking especially upon the duty of men to their fellows, and so quotes only those commandments that bear upon this subject.

It is said that an Arabian commentary on Mahomet contained a code of seventy-five thousand rules; but not long after it had been published it was found that cases had arisen to which none of these seventy-five thousand rules would apply. Men's hearts are wrong, they do not fulfil the law of love, and hence they break numerous special rules and commandments at will. The only restraint many know is the fear of punishment. How much better is the Christian's law of love!

In verses 11, 12, there is a call to vigilance, to alertness, and to activity. 'Knowing the time,' seems to refer to the Christian's knowledge of the age in which he lives. One commentary says that 'the time,' in the Greek, is used 'almost technically of the period before the second coming of Christ.' Many other so interpret this passage.

Our salvation is nearer to us than when we first believed, that is, the return of our Lord Jesus draws nearer each day. Paul is speaking of something special, whose approach should be an inspiration to holy [illegible] that shall be closed by the [illegible] of the ages, the resurrection of the righteous at the coming of our Lord. The day and hour are unknown, so that it behooves us to be spiritually awake and watchful. 'Therefore,' says Paul, again, we are to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Sin and all evil are naturally associated with darkness, while everything that is pure, and healthful, and good is associated with the light.

Armor indicates strife. We are not to rise from sleep to wakeful idleness, and an existence of ease, but to gird ourselves for a struggle. It means a conflict to be a Christian; there are trials to be borne, temptations to overcome, sacrifices to be made and strongholds of evil to be taken, 'But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

In verses 13, 14, Paul deals more particularly with what we call temperance today. 'Let us walk honestly,' does not refer to truthfulness and freedom from deceitfulness, but honestly here means uprightly, purely, becomingly, decently, for he turns to warn us against the contrary vices. We are not to walk 'in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying.' We see how carefully he warns against leading forms of evil. Rioting, or revelling, and drunkenness go together. Licentiousness is also associated with drunkenness. and strife and envy, or jealousy, are frequent results of the other evils.

Many consider it their right to participate in such things. They 'drink or let it alone,' as they choose, and they find an enjoyment in drinking bouts with 'hale fellows well met.' But these things are utterly inconsistent with the conduct of a Christian, and a person who has any true regard for the laws of God will not take part in them.

In the closing verse of the lesson, the Apostle exhorts us to put on the Lord Jesus Christ. Paul seems to be carrying out the figure of putting on the armor of light, verse 12. We cannot be sure of safety from sin by our own will, or righteousness, Christ is the soul's defensive armor; without him we are very foolish to attempt the battle with the enemy of souls, but with him, as armor to turn aside the arrows of temptation, we may in safety follow our path of duty in the world.

The lesson closes with a very important but much overlooked command, 'and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' The out-and-out Christian will put all such hindrances behind him.

It has been pointed out by someone that this chapter which commands obedience to rulers also forbids drunkenness, and that this is a very significant grouping of these commands, for anarchy finds its home in the saloon. The assassin of President McKinley is said to have spent the time just previous to the deed in a saloon, and seems to have been in the habit of hanging around such places.

In connection with this lesson read Matthew xvii., 24-27; Luke xx., 22-25; Galatians v., 13-26; Ephesians v., 8-18; James 4.

The lesson for next week is 'Paul's Journey to Jerusalem,' Acts xxi., 3-12

C. E. Topic

Sunday, April 19.—Topic—The sacred Sabbath. Matt. xii., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic

GOD'S HOLY DAY.

Monday, April 13.—Its Maker. Gen. ii., 3.

Tuesday, April 14.—Its reason.—Mark ii., 27.

Wednesday, April 15.—Its Lord. Luke vi., 5.

Thursday, April 16.—Its commandment. Deut. v., 12.

Friday, April 17.—How to keep it. Matt. xii., 12.

Saturday, April 18.—How not to keep it. Neh. x., 31.

Sunday, April 19.—Topic—How to spend the Lord's day. Ex. xx., 8-11; Luke iv., 15. 16.

The Morning Purples all the Sky.

[From the Roman Breviary, by Dr. A. R. Thompson, New York, 1867.]

The morning purples all the sky,
  The air with praises rings;
Defeated Hell stands sullen by,
  The world exulting sings;
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
  All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
  For Christ's great victory!

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
  Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered Death, is risen,
  And Death wears now the chain.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
  All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
  For Christ's great victory!

That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st be,
  And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
  From the dread death of sin.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
  All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most high,
  For Christ's great victory!

Ralph Well's New Use of the Bible.

A meeting in the interest of Sunday-schools in the city of Washington was held not long ago, at which that veteran Sunday-school worker, Ralph Wells, was present. Though nearly eighty years old, he showed his old-time vigor by taking part in the discussion as to whether each person should bring his own Bible to the school. Mr. Wells stated that he had found a new use for the Bible. When he carried his Bible before him on the streets Sunday morning not a single newsboy asked him to buy a Sunday paper. The moment he put it behind him, where the newsboys could not see it, he was solicitated by the first boy he met to buy a paper. Carry your Bibles to Sunday-school, and carry them where they can be seen.—'Morning Star.'

'Awake, thou wintry earth!
  Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
  Your ancient gladness:
    Christ is risen!

'All is fresh and new,
  Full of spring and light;
Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
  Of sleep and night?
    Christ is risen!

This is the Easter-tide of the year; a time when nature makes preparation to burst into beauty. This, too, is a time to think of Christ and his resurrection—his triumph over the cross, and his victory over death. It is a time, also, when every Christian life should blossom into beautiful deeds of charity, of purity, and of peace.—'Forward.'

Sid's Choice

('Temperance Record.')

'Have a cigarette, Sid?'

'No, thanks, I don't smoke.'

A laugh went round the group of lads at this, and one of the number remarked facetiously:

'He's afraid it'll stunt his growth.'

At these words the merriment grew louder still, for Sid was very small for his age. He was extremely sensitive over the infirmity too, and the cruel remark sent the blood tingling to his cheeks, but before he could speak another lad interposed.

'That'll do, Walter,' said he, 'if we have any more of it you'll have me to settle with.'

The speaker was Sid's brother, and though but a year or two the elder, a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined, for Frank was stall, stout and strong, able, as he boasted, to 'lick any chap in the neighborhood.' Few of his companions cared to quarrel with him.

'I was only in fun,' returned Walter. 'Surely he can stand a joke. Seriously though, Sid, why don't you have a cigarette sometimes?'

'Because I think smoking a very silly, useless, nasty habit,' said Sid, bluntly. 'Besides, cash isn't so plentiful that I can afford tc puff it away in smoke.'

'That's one for you, Frank!' said Walter, as Sid passed on.

'Oh, Sid and I often have a go in about smoking,' rejoined Walter. 'I shouldn't stand it from everybody, but one can't be hard on a poor little chap like Sid.'

Sid was not intended to hear the remark, but he did hear it, and winced under it.

'Never mind!' muttered he under his breath, 'I'll show them I'm good for something yet.'

And as they walked on he repeated to himself half unconsciously the words of Dr. Watts, which his teacher had once quoted to him:

'The mind's the standard of the man.'

Frank was apprenticed to a grocer, but Sid was only an errand boy at present. He meant, however, to be something more by-and-bye, and whilst his brother spent his leisure hours in the streets, or at some place of entertainment, Sid devoted his spare time to study. Frank's money went in drink, cigarettes, and amusements, but Sid expended his upon books, and it soon became evident that his choice was the best investment. He was unable to avail himself of any evening classes, on account of the hours at the shop, and private tuition was out of the question, but there are few obstacles and difficulties that cannot be overcome by energy and perseverance, as Sid soon showed. One night he returned home in a state of great excitement.

'Mother!' he cried, 'how should you like me to be a chemist?'

His mother shook her head. 'It's quite out of the question, my boy,' said she; 'I hope you haven't been setting your mind on that.'

'I just have then,' he returned, laughing; ' and I am going to be one, too, all being well. Mr. Erwyn says he'll take me as an apprentice if you and dad are willing.'

Mr. Erwyn was his employer.

'But he'll want a big premium, Sid, more than we can pay.'

'No, he won't, he'll take me without a premium at all.'

'Ah! Then you would have to give your time, and we couldn't afford for you to do that. Besides, Sid, I'm afraid you wouldn't be a good enough scholar; when we thought of apprenticing Frank I wanted to put him to a chemist, but your father said he would have to know Latin, and I don't know what else.'

Sid laughed again, a glad triumphant laugh.

'Well, mother, I've been pegging away at Latin for these eighteen months, so I ought to know a little about it. Anyhow, Mr. Erwyn is willing to try me; he put me through quite an examination to-day, and he thinks I shall do all right. And you're wrong in supposing he'll want me to give my time. He's going to pay me wages just the same, not very much to start with, of course. Aren't you glad, mother? You'll see me a full-fledged chemist one of these days, and then we'll have a nice house in the suburbs, for, of course, I shall be too grand to live at my place of business. But Mr. Erwyn is going to call presently to talk it over with you and dad.'

Mr. Erwyn did call, and rejoiced the parents' hearts by his praises of their son, for Sid had won his respect even before he discovered his studious habits.

'He is so willing and obliging,' he said to the father and mother, 'and I can always trust his word. Then, too, he is a strict teetotaler, and I have never caught him with any of those trashy papers that boys are so fond of reading nowadays. I am very pleased to give such a lad a start, and I believe Sid will do us credit one of these days.'

There seems every prospect that Mr. Erwyn's prediction will be fulfilled, for the trustworthy lad has grown up into a reliable young man. His parents take great comfort and pride in him, rejoicing that they have one son upon whom they can depend. Unfortunately, Frank is anything but a comfort. The habits he contracted in his youth have grown too strong to be shaken off, and excessive drinking and smoking are working sad havoc with the splendid physique of which Frank used to be so proud.

Sid's vision of a suburban residence is not yet realized, nor perhaps ever will be, for he no longer cares for selfish grandeur, he has learned a higher lesson, and finds his pleasure in ministering to the needs of others. Sid has grown considerably of late years, though he will never be either very big or strong, but whenever he comes across an undersized or weakly boy, such as he once was, he never fails to remind him that 'the mind's the standard of the man.'

A Drunkard's Impression

(The 'League Journal.')

Out of the grog-shop I've stepped in the street.
Road, what's the matter! you're loose on your feet;
Staggering, swaggering, reeling about.
Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.
Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.
What is it ails you? you're weak in the knees:
Some on your heads—in the gutter some sunk—
Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk!
Where on earth am I? Just look at the moon,
Shining up there like a paper balloon!
Here's a phenomenon! Look at the stars—
Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus, and Mars—
Dancing quadrilles; capered, shuffled, and hopped.
Heavenly bodies, this ought to be stopped!
Down come the houses, each drunk as a king—
Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing.
Inside my home it was safe and all right;
I'll sign the pledge when I get there to-night.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Corbyville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wish to make this an interesting letter, but do not know how. We have had a great smallpox scare here; there are two houses right in sight where the doctors say it is smallpox. But we all think it is chickenpox, because they are not sick with it. I wish you were here, that I might show you some of our curiosities from California and England. We have many shells, barnacles, stones, a piece of seaweed, seafern, horned toad, a large Manitoba owl, pieces of orange wood, a piece of slate off the roof of Westminster Abbey, an ostrich egg and a piece of one of the columns that hang from the roof of Cox's Cave, England, and many other things. My father is a cheese maker, and has made cheese for seventeen years. ALICE B.

(It is very interesting to have such a collection of curios, and it was nice to think of telling us about them.—Ed.)

Flesherton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I live two miles from Flesherton. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Mr. A. R. He has taught in this school fourteen years. The scholars gave him a fur coat this year. He was very much pleased with it. We had a lovely time the day we gave it to him. The trustees gave us a treat also, consisting of nuts, candies, figs and oranges. These and the coat were bought with money which we made at a concert which we had given in our school on the night of Dec. 19. We charged ten cents, and made $22.20. This is the seventh concert we have had, and they have been a great success. BEATRICE B. T.

Quatsine, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years of age. It is now beginning to get like spring, and everything is beginning to sprout. The birds are coming with their lovely songs. We live on a farm. We have cows and chickens, and have berries growing in the garden, and wild berries grow around here. E. L. S.

Union Point, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old, and am in the second reader. My birthday is on April 19. My mother died last year. The school is about three minutes' walk from our house. I have one little sister, and she goes to school too. She is in the part second. We live about twenty-seven miles from Winnipeg. We have a literary meeting here on Friday evenings.

NORMAN G.

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—Hamilton is the third largest city in Ontario. One of our big stores was burned down, and is now in ruins. In the summer father and I go up to Dundurn Park, the residence of the late Sir Allan McNab, on our wheels after tea nearly every night. They have two big bears and two small bears, two racoons, two prairie wolves, a monkey and a great many other animals; also two eagles and a lot of pheasants. Some dear little rabbits are running around. The big castle is now a museum, and the park is large and beautiful. Harvey Park, the place where Colonel Harvey encamped before the battle of Stony Creek in 1813, is now joined to Dundurn Park. You can see a beautiful sunset from Burlington Heights.

DRINA W. P. (age 11).

Salem, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country, our nearest town being Bowmanville. We take the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I like to read the children's letters, and I have decided to write one, too. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and attend the day-school. Miss B. is our teacher. I have three brothers. My eldest brother, Wesley, saved my life last winter. I was eight years old, and Wesley ten years old. One evening, father and mother were away, and Wesley was outside splitting wood, when I went to light the lamp, and my little brother Lester, just three years old, told me that my clothes were on fire. I rushed out of doors in a blaze. Wesley dropped the axe and caught me and rolled me in the snow, and threw snow on me and fought the fire like a man until he got it out, but not before I was badly burned. The doctor came often to see me. I had to stay in bed for two months, and it was four months before my burns were all healed. The burns were on my arms and body, and my right arm was so badly burned the doctor had to put in four grafts. NETTIE J.

Swan Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you a letter, as I see the girls and boys writing. I like reading the correspondence so well. Our school opened on January 5. Our teacher's name is Miss McT., and I like her very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the second book. I have a big doll, and its name is Nellie. I hope there is another little girl's birthday on the same day as mine is, April 12. I am nine years old.

EDITH IRENE G.

Barrie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence in the 'Messenger' for a long time with pleasure, and before I could read it myself, my papa read it to me. But I have not noticed any from Barrie. I am ten years old. I am in the third book. I go to the Congregational Sunday-school, where I get the 'Messenger.' Barrie is a very pretty town, nicely situated at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay, which is nine miles long and opens into Lake Simcoe. All along our bay and around Lake Simcoe is a great summer resort, with good fishing. I have one sister nine years old. Her name is Frankie Norine. I also have a dog named Jack and a horse, whose name is Daisy. I can drive her anywhere. Barrie is the county town of Simcoe county, and is noted for churches and Sunday-schools, as well as for being a pretty town.

CHARLIE W.

Brampton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have enjoyed reading the letters in the 'Messenger' very much, and thought I would like to write to you also. We look for the 'Messenger every Sunday. I live on a farm. We are quite close to the church, but walk two miles to our school. We very often get a ride in the winter. I am in the third reader, and like going to school very much. I have four brothers. They tease me sometimes, but are good to me for all that. We have a collie dog, but our cat is the greatest pet. She is fourteen years old, and is getting feeble. We had lots of fun skating this winter. Two of my brothers have hockey skates, but mine are spring skates. Mother bought me a nice Bible on Christmas. I have a baby brother nine months old. His full name is William George. I went to visit near Toronto last summer. They took me to a picnic at the Exhibition Park and to the Zoo, where I saw lions, peacocks, bears, and monkeys. I think I will close now. CONSTANCE H (aged 8).

(Written in an interesting and natural manner.—Ed.)

Cromar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw my letter in print quite a while ago, and so I thought I would write again. We live on a farm of a hundred acres. We only live a few miles from where the awful accident happened on the G.T.R. at Wanstead, on Dec. 26, when twenty-eight people lost their lives and over thirty injured. About fourteen or fifteen out of the twenty-eight who were killed lived within twenty miles of us, but none of our relations were on that train. Now I will tell you a little bit about my mother when she went to South America. When she was a girl she went with her mother and father, four brothers and three sisters. She saw the sugar-cane growing and the sugar being made, and she thinks if we saw it being made we would not like to eat it. One dark night, while there they heard the church bell ringing as hard as the black people could ring it. They enquired what was the matter, and the negroes said that the 'Logie' was on fire, that was the place where the crushed cane was kept.

MARY ISABEL B.

Portland, Ore.

Dear Editor,—As I have read so many letters from boys and girls, I thought I would like to write one, too. My grandmas and grandpas are all living. My grandma Millar is blind. She lives about seven blocks from our house. I go to see her nearly every day. My other grandma and grandpa are in Michigan. My cousin Charley was here from Iowa, and we had a fine time when he was here. I am twelve years old. I wonder if any other children have their birthday when mine is, Dec. 13. BESSIE G.

Reno, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and thought I would write. I will tell you about my trip to Indiana. We went to Greenville, and got our tickets, and got on the train; we were on the train two hours and a-half, and we saw the Wabash river, went through Terre Haute, and next Greencastle, where my mother lived. I stayed about a month, and then came back. My cousin went to New York. I received several presents. My cousin sent my paper, the 'Messenger,' to me, and I could hardly get along without it.

RUTH B. S.

Peterborough, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bible, and I think it is a beauty. Thank you for such a gift. I go to school and to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and church. Our minister is Dr. T. I am twelve years old.

L. W.

Attwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for a good many years, and think it is a fine paper for both children and grown-up folks. We have church every Sunday, and it is conducted by the Rev. Dr. McL., and we appreciate his speaking very much. I live in the village not very far from the church. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and like it very much. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on Dec. 29. My father is a butcher. We are having lovely weather. I hope we keep on having lovely weather, so that I can go out to the bush and gather flowers. I will write more next time.

LAURA K.

Peel, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for me for three years, and I like it very much, especially the correspondence. Peel, where I live, is in the country. It is situated on the St. John river, about eighty miles from Fredericton, the capital of this province. We have two churches, a blacksmith's shop, a mill, a school-house and a store, which is kept by papa. He is also a member of the Local Government. I will be ten years old on May 2; I have two brothers and one sister, whose name is Mildred. Papa calls her his 'Curls' because she has such curly hair. I have not been able to go to school for the last term, on account of lung trouble, but I am better now, and will soon be able to go. We have a fine teacher, and his name is Mr. R. I got five subscribers for the 'Northern Messenger,' and received a Bagster Bible. I think it is very nice. I go to Sunday-school, and get a paper called the 'Boys' World,' which I am saving. SPRAGUE F. (age 9).

Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you how much I like your paper. My mamma has taken it ever since she was a little girl, and thinks it one of the best papers in the world. My grandma is sending me the paper this year for a Christmas present. I live on a farm, and

like it very much. I live near the seashore. It is very pretty in summer. I have three brothers and one sister. She and papa have gone to the sugar woods to have a good time. I attend school every day and am in the fourth grade. I also attend Sunday-school every Sunday. I wonder if any little girl's birthday who takes this 'Messenger' is on the same as mine, January 11 ?

ELLEN JANE F. (age 9).

Woodstock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a dog, and his name is 'Lion.' I have two sisters, Helen and Marjorie, but they are not as old as I am. Marjorie will go to school soon. I tapped some trees, and we had some nice syrup for tea last night. I am seven years old, and go to school. My grandpa is a minister, and we like to have him come to see us, as he has lots of fun with us. We have all had the grippe.

DOUGLAS S.

AN OLD MAN'S LETTER.

Spring Bay.

Dear Eidtor,—I do love the children, and though I am nearly seventy-four years old, I take a deep interest in the young. We are farmers, and there is no village within six miles of us. I take the 'Witness,' the 'Messenger' and 'World Wide,' and 'Presbyterian Record,' and I generally go for the 'Messenger' first. I think it is impossible to set a price on the good that little paper is doing in our beloved Canada and wherever it goes and is read. May it long continue to bless the people with its good, wholesome, spiritual reading.

I should like to ask the dear little folks that write such nice letters a question: What did the precious Saviour mean in the fourteenth chapter of John and the twelfth verse. How can I, a poor weak, ignorant old man, do a greater work than that Almighty Friend did when he was in this world? I suppose I had read and heard that verse read hundreds of times before that question struck me. If you see fit to print this question, I shall delight to read our young friends' answers in the 'Messenger,' and if any wish it, I will give my answer later. E. T.

Mail Bag.

Ottawa, March 16, 1903.

Dear Editor,—We beg to acknowledge receipt of the Bible, which was received some time ago. We are glad to be able to work for such a valuable paper, and consider it an indispensable friend. The 'Messenger' we have taken for over twenty years, and also the 'Witness.' Accept our thanks also for the picture, 'Christ before Pilate.' Wishing you all success,

Sincerely,

MRS. W. J. MERIFIELD.

Arlington, Neb., March 13, 1903.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible, and I thank you very much for it. The Bible is much larger and better than expected. From your little reader,

CLARENCE LUDWIG (age 10).

Brown City, Mich., March 23, 1903.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bagster Bible, and think it is nice. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the correspondence. Brown City is a small town of about one thousand inhabitants. I wish to see my letter in print. I have three brothers and one sister. I go to the Methodist Church. I wonder if any other little boy's birthday is the same as mine, Nov. 7. My grandma has taken the 'Messenger' for three years. I kindly thank you for the Bible. Yours truly,

HERBERT HETHERINGTON.

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' is the most valuable paper for the money I know of. It cannot help but do a good work. I save all the papers and distribute them to the poor families and to the hospital, which I trust will help and cheer some one. Wishing you success,

MRS. CROSS.

HOUSEHOLD.

About Puddings

(Mrs. F. M. Colby, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

Nearly everyone is fond of puddings, and yet they do not appear upon the dining table as often as one would think they would. Their place is largely supplied by pies as desserts, in most households, and much oftener, in my opinion, than they should be. I am not partial to pies. Cream pie and squash and pumpkin pies are all right, but it always seemd a pity to me to make good, wholesome, delicious fruit into unwholesome pies, when it would save so much time and labor and dyspepsia to serve the fruit fresh. Tough pie crust is an abomination, and to have it rich and flaky, requires more fat than is good for our dyspeptic stomachs. In our household we have largely discarded pies, serving them only occasionally at our table, and usually to company.

And we have substituted puddings in their place. The idea was my husband's, who found rich mince pies and the fatty pastry of other pies disagreeing with him. Since we adopted the custom we have found no reason to go back to pie-making, and there are so many kinds of puddings, we can always have variety. I have heard some housekeepers say they hated to make a pudding for they never knew whether it would come out right; but if one has a good receipt and follows it, I know no reason why their culinary attempts will not be successful. The larger number of puddings are comparatively easy to make, and there are only a few general rules to be observed.

One should take the greatest care in boiling a pudding, that the cloth is perfectly clean, otherwise the outside of the pudding will have a disagreeable flavor; to prevent this, the cloth should always be nicely washed and kept in a dry place, and when wanted for use, it should be dipped in boiling water, squeezed dry and floured.

The water should boil quick when the pudding is put in, and it should be moved about for a minute or two, for fear the ingredients would not mix. When the pudding is done, a pan of cold water should be ready, and the pudding dipped into it as soon as it comes out of the pot, which will prevent its adhering to the cloth.

A bread pudding should be tied loose; if batter, it should be tied tight; and a batter pudding should be strained through a coarse sieve, when it is all mixed. In others, the eggs only. If you boil the pudding in a basin or pan, take care that it is always well buttered.

When you make your puddings without eggs, they must have as little milk as will mix, and must boil for three or four hours. Your puddings will be much lighter if you beat the yolks and whites of the eggs long and separately.

The first receipt for a pudding that I ever learned was that of King Arthur's in the story book, which was a bag pudding stuffed, with plums. I learned the jingle when a child, and it always seemed to me as if that pudding would be an appetizing dish, but I never tried the receipt.

Receipts for tapioca pudding are common, and I have several that I consider excellent ones, but here is one that I call 'mother's,' which suits me best of all:—Into one quart of boiling milk put three tablespoonfuls of tapioca that has been soaked in water over night, and cook half an hour. Beat yolks of four eggs, with one cupful of sugar, add three tablespoonfuls of prepared cocoanut, stir in and boil one minute longer. Pour the whole into a pudding dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and pour over the top. Sprinkle cocoanut over all, set in the oven and brown.

My husband is very fond of a baked apple pudding, and we make them several ways. This is my favorite receipt for one: Butter a pie dish and line it with crumbs of bread, then place a layer of apples (quartered as for pie) in the bottom of the dish, sprinkle it with moist sugar, then a layer of crumbs, and so on, alternately, till the dish is filled, ending with a thick layer of crumbs, pour melted butter over it, and bake for an hour.

Apple dumplings are nice cooked like the following: Choose six or eight good sized baking apples, pare them, roll out some good paste, divide it into as many pieces as you have apples; roll and cut two rounds from each, put an apple in one piece and put the other over; join the edges neatly, tie them in cloths and boil them.

I have two receipts for batter pudding, which we enjoy very much. One is 'grandmother's batter pudding': Take six spoonfuls of flour, put them into a stew pan, with about a teaspoonful of salt and half a nutmeg grated; mix this up with about a pint and a half of new milk; beat up six eggs in a basin, and stir them well in the batter; butter a basin or mould well, pour it in, tie it tight with a cloth and boil it two hours and a half; serve with lemon sauce. This pudding may also be baked, for which three-quarters of an hour are sufficient. Currants or stoned raisins may be added.

The other day a neighbor gave me a recipe for a bread and butter pudding which we found very palatable: Cut a small loaf of bread in thin slices, and butter as for tea, butter a dish, lay slices over it, strew currants on them, then lay the bread and butter, strew currants, and so on till the dish is full. Beat up four eggs with a pint of milk, a little salt, nutmeg and sugar, and pour over the pudding. Lay a puff paste round it and bake it; half an hour will be sufficient.

Rice can be used several ways for puddings, and is wholesome and palatable. Here is a good one that is easily made: Take six ounces of whole rice, and when sufficiently boiled, stir in a tablespoonful and a half of suet, shredded fine; when that is melted, take it up, add one egg and two ounces of moist sugar. Boil these together three-quarters of an hour.

Another which makes a delicious supper dish, besides making a good dessert for dinner, I call small rice pudding: Simmer two large spoonfuls of rice in half a pint of milk until it is thick, then add to it a bit of butter the size of an egg, and about half a pint of thick cream, and give it one boil. When cold, mix the yolks of four eggs, and the whites of two, well beaten, sugar and nutmeg according to taste, add grated lemon and a little cinnamon. Butter some little cups, lay some orange or citron on the bottom, and fill them about three parts full with the above. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven. Serve the moment before they are to be eaten, with sweet sauce in a boat.

Not Waste.

('The Household.')

An economical housekeeper will have little to waste, and yet there are many who waste much, in trying to save. There are things which really ought to be thrown away, in every household. Bread which has moulded, if ever so little, is rank poison, and no amount of 'peeling' or 'cooking over' will make it fit for any one or any thing to eat. Such should never be given to hens or pigs. The only safe place for it is the kitchen stove, where it is useful in so far as it will make a hot fire. Mouldy cake is as bad, and one's pantry should be rigidly freed from such poisons. Buttermilk and sour milk should not be kept after it begins to have an old or mouldy odor or bitter taste. All such economy, as the use of such articles is the worst extravagance. So, too, is the use of rancid butter, lard, etc., nothing will make it sweet or eatable, and it is far cheaper to throw it away at once than to make some article of food which will eventually be thrown away, wasting thereby much more. 'I never throw any thing away,' is not to be taken literally, at least it should not be, for it is often the truest

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economy. 'Waste' is an entirely different thing. Only experience can teach many just how much of any article of food to prepare at a time, and that the quantity varies according to the season. In cool, dry weather, bread, cake, etc., will keep generally as long as it lasts. In hot, damp weather one should bake often, and in small quantities.

Parsnips.

(Mary Foster Snider.)

Nicely cooked, there are few more delicious vegetables than the parsnip. They may be served in such a variety of ways that it seems a pity so many housewives restrict their families to the two or three recipes with which they are familiar. All of the following recipes are excellent, and will well repay a little extra trouble in preparing them.

Fried Parsnips.—Wash and scrape the parsnips, cut them lengthwise in thin strips, roll in beaten egg, then in cornmeal or cracker crumbs, and fry brown in butter. Boiled parsnips may be used instead of raw ones, if preferred.

Buttered Parsnips—Wash and scrape the parsnips, cut in thin slices lengthwise, and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain, add a large spoonful of butter and seasoning to taste. Shake the saucepan to keep the parsnips from burning until the butter is melted, then turn into a heated dish and serve at once.

Parsnips with Butter Sauce.—Wash and scrape the parsnips, and cut in thin slices lengthwise. Cook until tender in slightly salted water, drain, put in a heated dish, season to taste, and pour over a sauce made as follows: Rub three tablespoons butter into one tablespoon flour until perfectly smooth, then pour on it one cup boiling water, stirring rapidly all the time. Keep it just at the boiling point for five minutes, but it must not boil or it will be oily.

Creamed Parsnips.—Cook the parsnips as directed above, drain, and turn on them one cup rich milk or cream, a lump of butter, and seasoning to taste. Let get very hot and serve at once.

Parsnip Hash.—Chop two cups cold boiled parsnips and one cup cold cooked beef into dice, season to taste, add one spoon tomato catsup, and one small cup gravy, and simmer until heated through.

Mashed Parsnips.—Wash, scrape and cut in small pieces. Boil until tender, drain, add a little salt, a lump of butter and half cup sweet milk or cream. Mash fine, and serve at once.

Baked Parsnips.—Wash and scrape the parsnips, and cut in halves if very large, boil until nearly done, then drain, season, spread with soft butter, and put in a baking dish with one small cup milk. Bake until a delicate brown, and serve at once.

Simmered Beef.—Put the trimmings of fat from the roast, or a little suet, or fresh drippings, into an iron pot, and fry thoroughly. Throw in three sliced onions and let them fry to a light brown. Rub the beef with a little pepper and salt and flour, put into the pot, and fry brown on all sides. This seasoning of the meat serves to retain what juice and flavors such a roast contains. Add half a pint of hot water, cover closely, and place where it will just simmer for five hours, adding half a teacup of hot water from time to time as it evaporates, and turning the roast several times during the process of cooking, being careful not to pierce the meat. At the end of five hours, if the beef has simmered all the time and never boiled, it will be found tender, juicy, and deliciously flavored. There will be no [illegible] on-

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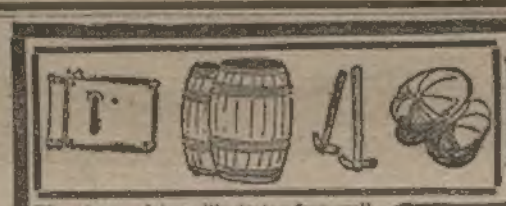
A 'Handy' Hint for Washday

Here is a capital hint from Pauline Adelaide Hardy, who writes in 'Good Housekeeping' on the preservation of the hands: 'Many housekeepers have rough hands in winter, which grow very painful, cracking open on the knuckles, the cracks extending into the palms of the hands. They take their hands out of hot soapsuds, or starch, to hang clothes in the wind. If they did not use hot water, and the hands were thoroughly dried before going out, this would be avoided. A pair of white woollen stockings, cut off rounding at the ankle and sewed across, with a thumb sewed in, make a very comfortable pair of mittens for hanging up and taking off clothes. Pin them fast to the sleeves with large safety pins, before going out, having first stretched the arm upward, then they will not come loose and the wrists will be protected. After bringing in the clothes, if the mittens are put in the clothes-pin bag they will be kept clean and in the right place.

'Hands are injured in very cold weather by lack of protection at the wrists, as large veins and arteries are exposed. The blood is chilled in passing into the hands. Every one cannot have handsome, white and shapely hands, but everyone can have clean and comfortable hands.'

A New Toast.—Bring a quart of milk to the boiling point, and add two eggs well beaten. Boil one minute and pour over thick slices of buttered toast. Put in the oven until the custard is set.



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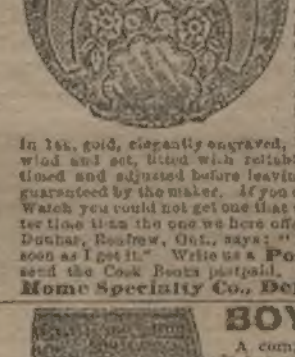

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